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TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. LETTER XIII.

We cannot sit down to supper yet.

London, Jan. 30, 1816.

SIR,—Before this will come from the press, some part of your measures, relative to the distresses of the country will, in all likelihood, be made known. You have, I am sure, long ago, felt, that the difficulties of peace far exceed those of war, and that you have found my opinion, so clearly given at the time when Napoleon was banished to Elba, was correct. I then said, in answer to the *COURIER*, that we *could not go to supper*. “The play is over,” said he, “and now let us go to supper.”

“No,” said I, “we must not sit down happily to supper, ’till we have *paid for the play*.” From this text I preached a long political sermon, the main object of which was to prepare my readers for the sufferings that awaited them by showing them the consequences of peace, and, during this sermon, I observed, that the affairs of the nation, that the taxes, the currency, the expenditure, the scale of living, the minds, the habits of the country; that all these were wrought up to a war pitch; that, as long as war and a war currency were kept up, the machine went smoothly on, the velocity of its motion keeping it from experiencing any considerable damage from impediments. But, that as soon as we began to be in a state of *real peace*, it would require uncommon skill in our rulers and almost supernatural fortitude in the people to prevent some very serious and destructive shock.

Let it not be called *egotism*, Sir, if I remind you and the public of these things. I have a clear right to do it; and, it is my duty to do it, too; because, by showing, that I have been so correct in my anticipations, I establish my claim to reliance on the soundness of my opinions, as to what is in future likely to take place. When my worthy neighbours of Southampton

were clamouring against the Corn Bill, and were formally “*resolving*” in town-meeting, that “*peace and cheap corn*” ought to be companions; when the City of London, with their Lord Mayor leading the way, were doing the same; when all the trading part of the nation seemed to be bent upon the project of having cheap bread, and of enjoying, as they called it, “*good times*” in their “*turn*,” the farmers, as they said, “having had *their good times during the war*,” when all their noise and nonsense was raging throughout the land; then, I told my neighbours and the City of London, that they were acting upon a gross error; and that, *if their wishes were gratified*, they would most assuredly *be ruined*; unless the expences of the Debt and of the Government were reduced to something nearly what they were in 1792, a reduction which none of the clamourers against the Corn Bill ever proposed.

And is not that prediction verified? Are not the people in trade *ruined*? Is there any branch of trade, or any individual in any branch, that does not now smart under the effects of *cheap corn*? I too opposed the corn-bill, but expressly upon the ground, that it would be unnecessary, if the taxes were reduced, and for which reduction to the standard of 1792, or nearly that, I prayed in my petition. Was there ever an instance of such delusion! The Corn Bill passed; and, from that day to this, corn has been growing cheaper and cheaper: and, what completes the upsetting of all shallow brains, as the corn has become cheap, the people in trade has become distressed. In short, it is now clear, that this great good; this “*blessing*” of peace, *cheap corn*, has thrown all men’s affairs, their debts, credits, stock in trade, dealings and contracts, into the utmost confusion.

The “*distresses of agriculture*” is the fashionable phrase. But, the distress is felt every where, by all trades and all professions, by every creature who is not paid out of the taxes, or who is not, in some way or other, supported by *fixed*

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yearly payments. And that this must be the case, as long as corn continues cheap, or, until some thing be done effectually to alter the relative situation of *the Debtor and the Creditor*, is now, I think, become clear to every man of common sense.

Yet, the danger from *dear corn* was equally great. Already had a very large portion of the people of fixed incomes and of the land owners quitted the country, and gone to the continent, in quest of cheap living. It was calculated, that 40 thousand families had gone previous to the return of Napoleon from Elba. Not for the purpose of *travelling*; not, as formerly, for the purpose of *spending money*; not with a view to act the character of the "*Mi Lord Anglois*;" but, for the purpose of *living cheap*. These persons were tax-payers in general. Their taxes were left to be paid by others. The manufacturers were fast following them. The evil was so severely felt, that there now stands a notice of a motion in the House of Commons to impose an additional tax on the property of those persons who shall live out of the kingdom.

This was one source of danger from the continuation of high prices. But, if the high prices continued, it was quite certain, and it must have soon become notorious to all the world, that *the Bank never could pay its notes in specie*. Peace was come; the only remaining pretext for the non-payment was removed; the act, authorizing the Bank to refuse payment was about, and is now about, to expire. If the gold and silver continued at a high price, the Bank *never* could pay. In a little time this would have become too manifest all over the world to be disguised by any possible means. The Bank Notes would have been, as they were before Napoleon's return from Elba, at a discount at Calais, and, of course, all over the Continent, of more than 30 per centum. Thus would the Bank and its Paper have stood a mark for all the commercial world to gaze at.

This rock of shame and discredit we have shunned and edged away from by a vast diminution in the quantity of paper-money; but, in so doing, we have got foul, as sailors call it, of the rock of low prices and consequent falling off of taxes, while the Debts and Expences of the government continue the same, and while, instead of an increased external com-

merce, that commerce is greatly diminished.

To get us safely off this rock is now, Sir, the task, which you have to perform; and, if you do perform it, leaving us safe and well, at the end of two years, dating from the 1st of this month, I will say, that you are the most able financier and statesman that ever breathed the breath of life. But, give me leave to stipulate a little. If the Bank do not pay in specie before the end of the two years, or, at least, if the guinea get to be worth more than 22s. in paper-money. Then I shall not allow that you have got us *safely* off this rock, seeing that, in that case, we shall still be in danger of splitting on the other. Then again, if you make any deductions from the interest of the Debt, or impose a tax on the funds heavier than on landlords' rents, I shall be so far from allowing that you have brought us safely off the rock, that I shall insist upon it, that you have wrecked us. This same conclusion will, of course, apply, to such a change in the Sinking Fund as would, in effect, annihilate the *capital* of the Fundholders.

Well, then, Sir, do I not offer you very fair? You will find nobody, or hardly any body, to say, that there is a necessity for diminishing the interest on the Debt; or, that there is any necessity for issuing paper-money so as to raise the value of the guinea compared with the paper-money. Not one person out of a hundred thousand, perhaps, thinks either of these measures at all necessary. It is the general, and almost universal opinion, that you will be able to carry us through without either of these measures. And yet, if you do carry us through; if you do get us safely off the rock, and keep us safely off, 'till the end of the two years, I will laud you to the skies; I will have your picture in every room in my house; I will call you *Nicholas the Great*, and will never mention your name without pulling off my hat, or making a low bow. I will not be so prophane as to say that you have wrought *miracles*; but, I will always allow you to be the first of created beings.

But, then, on the other hand, if the guinea should mount up again over the paper, after having spread about ruin so profusely by its recent fall; or, if the interest of the Debt should experience a di-

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minution, I shall claim the right of imputing to you a full share of the work of producing the wreck; for, be it remembered, that you became, at a very early period, a partizan of the system of Pitt; that you defended and eulogized that system; that you did your *best*, at any rate, to assist in causing that continuation of the war, which finally produced a thousand millions of debt; and that, having supported this system with your vote and your pen for about twenty years, you have, at last, as a reward for your zeal and your services, become the successor of the "great statesman," with whom it originated, and who has left it behind as a legacy to that country, who so gratefully paid his own private debts, and who erected a monument in honour of his memory. Therefore, Sir, we are not, if you should fail, to look upon you as having your present task *unfortunately* imposed on you. You have it not only by your own free choice; but you have, as far as you were able, been the cause of creating the necessity for the performance of it. Waiting now with greatly increased anxiety for the developement of your plans, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

SIR ROBERT WILSON
AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN FRANCE.

London, 31 Jan. 1816.

Such things have been doing, and are doing, in France, that I have, for my part, been *afraid* to trust my pen in any observations relating to them. But, this affair of SIR ROBERT WILSON must have a word or two.

The story is this: that the three English officers, so often named, assisted LAVALLETTE in his escape, after he had been condemned to die as a *traitor to Louis*. And, it is added, that one of them, at least, confesses the act, and pleads in *justification*, that LAVALLETTE was condemned contrary to the stipulations of the convention, signed by the Duke of Wellington, and in consequence of his agreeing to the terms of which convention, he obtained, with the loss of English lives, possession of Paris.

There are persons in England, and I am afraid they form a very great majority of John Bull, to say, that these gentlemen ought to be hanged up, at once, as trai-

tors. The rage of honest John against all that is not attached to the principle of divine right seems now to be unbounded. His language is: "Our officers had *no business* with the matter. If the man was innocent, or guilty, it was *no business of theirs*. They had no right to interfere in the concerns of a foreign government, or nation."

Now, this doctrine in a moral point of view, to be good for any thing in this case, must be good in all cases whatsoever. Suppose, then, that Sir Robert Wilson had been in France, when the Duke of ENGHEN was in prison, previously to his being shot, and had aided him in escaping. Would he have merited to be hanged for that act? Suppose, he had assisted in getting Louis XVI. out of prison and in saving his life. Would he have merited punishment for that? Would those who now join in condemning him and his gallant associates, have called, as they do, for his blood? Suppose a Frenchman had been in England, and had contrived an escape for the brave Sidney, who fell a sacrifice to the tyranny of the restored Stuarts. The tyrants of the House, and their base abettors, might have thirsted for such Frenchman's blood; but would not the English, who reversed the act of attainder against Sydney, have applauded the act? Yet, they could not have applauded it, if they held the doctrine of the TIMES and COURIER newspapers, which makes the crime consist in the having *interfered* in the affairs of a foreign government and nation. Suppose an Englishman residing for purpose of trade, or being on a mere visit, in Algiers, and suppose him to see one of the corsairs of our friend, the Dey, bring in a captive; and, to go the whole length, suppose that captive to be his own father, taken in an American vessel. The capture has been made according to the laws of Algiers; the captive is sold according to the laws of Algiers; he is worked and flogged by the purchaser in due conformity to the laws of Algiers. But, the son, nevertheless, assists the father in his escape; places him out of the reach of the tyrant; and is afterwards imprisoned himself for having so done. Would the son deserve punishment for this? Would any body in England cry out for his being put to death for this act? Common humanity recoils with horror at the idea; and yet, what would this be but violating

the law of Algiers? What would this be but *interfering* in the affairs of the government of Algiers?

Thus, we see, then, that this doctrine of *non-interference* is not worth a straw. We see that, in a moral point of view, such an act may be not only innocent; not only blameless, but highly meritorious; and that, therefore, loyal John, in his outrageous zeal for "*legitimacy*," has rushed on to condemnation without much, if any, consideration as to the justice of the case.

Whether LAVALETTE's was one of those cases, which would justify such an act as that imputed to Sir ROBERT WILSON and his associates, I dare not here pretend to decide. But, this much is very clear, that those who pretend, that the Convention, in virtue of which our general got possession of Paris, without risk to him or his army, was *not binding on Louis the Desired*, place themselves in a most awkward dilemma. These same writers have constantly maintained, that we and the allies obtained possession of France, of her fortresses, her pictures, &c. by *right of conquest*; that, in virtue of this right we disposed of the two latter; that, in virtue of this right we imposed a tribute on the French; that it was we who put the king on the throne, who kept him there, and who had a full and clear right to dictate to him whom he should have for ministers and what measures of internal government he should adopt. But, now, behold, when the business of shedding blood comes in question, these writers choose to consider the *Desiré* as *perfectly independent of us*; as acting upon his own sole authority and from the *dictates of his own will*; as having assumed that authority of himself; as having supported it, wholly unaided by us; and that, *therefore*, the Convention made by our general, was not at all binding on a king so powerful in his own resources and so entirely independent of us.

It is nevertheless true, that there is an English army in and near Paris; and that German armies are in readiness at no very great distance; and, do these writers really affect to believe, that, if the *Desiré* had, in good earnest, been *left to himself*, he would have been able to bring either the brave Labedoyere or Ney or Lavalette to trial? They talk of the "*Chamber of Peers*" having condemned Ney; but, have they the impudence to pretend,

that the Chamber of Peers would been able to call Ney before them, if the foreign troops had not been in possession of Paris? And, if their impudence does not bear them this length, how can they pretend, that these condemnations are to be considered as proceeding from the free-agency of the French government, and that the Convention made with the French army was not to be considered as binding on the king, or on any one to be set up by the power of those who signed that convention?

It is in vain to enter into any further discussion of this matter *here*. We are compelled so to beggar our feelings on topics relating to the affairs of France, that to speak of them is to do injustice to the cause of truth and freedom. But, it may not be amiss to point out how ridiculous a figure the "*loyal*" protestants make, now that they would appear to commiserate the fate of their brethren in France. At the time when it was the fashion to meet, to pass resolutions, and to subscribe against Napoleon, they were amongst the loudest. At that very time, they were reminded of how much religious freedom they owed to Napoleon. They were reminded, that it was only the new order of things in France and Spain that stood between that freedom and the restoration of all the cruelties of Popish bigotry. Still they persevered; and their cry was: "*any religion is better than no religion at all.*" They were told, that with the Bourbons all the Bourbon persecutions would return. And, now that they have returned, they are putting forth their feeble voice in affected strains of compassion! They are imploring our government to interfere with the Bourbons in France to spare the blood of the protestants! Would it not have been better not to have laboured so zealously for the return of the Bourbons? Aye, but if the Bourbons had not been restored, *France* could not have been degraded and beggared! But, why no feeling for the "*putri-ots*" in *Spain*? The ruin, the cruel persecution of these men seem to excite no compassion, though they were *our allies* against the French. They are now left, without any compassion from these "*loyal*" protestants, to enjoy the full benefits of the Inquisition. Why do they not implore our government to interfere with Ferdinand? What a scene of inconsistency and hypocrisy it is, take it all together.

WM. COBBETT.

MR. BIRKBECK'S LETTER,

On the laughing at the Farmers: with Mr. Cobbett's remarks thereon.

I think, Mr. Cobbett, that those superior persons who are so witty upon the farmers in their calamities, and indulge their good humoured spleen in ridiculing us for having imitated them, though at a humble distance, during the late season of hollow prosperity; I think, Sir, that they ought to have set us a better example, or to have shewn us that hereditary estates and superior education give an *exclusive* title to luxury, extravagance, and folly. They must suppose us to be either more or less than men: and I fancy they lean to the latter opinion. They call us obstinate fools, and hardly give us credit for common sagacity in the management of our land; yet they expect of us that we should know the value of money better than themselves, notwithstanding their prodigious experience in the abuse of it. I question if there ever was a meeting of clergy at a visitation, or of gentlemen at a bench club, or of shop-keepers at a corporation dinner, or even of merchants and bankers at a city feast, that they did not (if the conversation happened to sink to a theme so low) stigmatize the farmers as a set of ignorant boobies with intellects barely superior to the cattle they drive. And now, forsooth, because they have occasion for the money which we have spent in a rough copy of their own extravagance, they turn upon us, and politely abuse us because we are not philosophers. But, Sir, the public has no right to complain of the improvidence of farmers. Have we not returned what they are pleased to call our inordinate gains through every channel of circulation? We indulged, it is true, in a little port, or perhaps madeira, at market, and sometimes produced a bottle to a friend at our own table: we might call in the taylor or the mantua-maker rather oftener than heretofore: but why should the wine merchant or the draper murmur? or the landlord, or the placeman? If we blazed away with our helmets and broadswords, volunteering ourselves from our farms and our families, should the *loyal* blame us for this? Especially when *invited* by our landlords, being tenants at will, to give proof of our heroism, and dependence.—Some of us, however, in spite of bad ex-

ample, have saved a little, and in defiance of your cautionary hints, Sir, have trotted up to town once a year with our savings, to have them inscribed together with our names in the great book. In very many instances, a great part of our extraordinary receipts has been returned again to the soil, in those improvements of cultivation which patriots are commending so loudly whilst they overlook or despise the improvers. Hoarding has been out of the question: few would be so simple as to hoard bank notes. One solitary article of expence, which we shall not repent of, although it is a constant theme of insolent reproach, is the education of our children. Ignorant ourselves, we may sometimes have been led, as in other things, by bad example, and have mistaken show for substance: but we are not such fools as your ghostly friend insinuates: we did not send our sons to excisemen nor our daughters to discarded —. Abuse divided among so many, seems to light no where, and is disgraceful only to its author, who, of course, conceals himself: but I wonder, Sir, that you admit these nameless gentry. Possibly *their names* would do as well as *my strictures*. Publish which you please.

Your's,

M. BIRKBECK.

Wanborough, Jan. 23, 1816.

In the foregoing letter, Mr. Birkbeck has made common cause with all the crowd of *Ycomanry Cavalry*. If this discovers little self love, it displays a much better quality; namely, *generosity*. Mr. Birkbeck must, however, be aware, that my correspondent "from the shades below," with whom he appears to be angry, never meant to include within the range of his sarcasm, every man in England who happened to be engaged in agricultural pursuits; and, at any rate, before Mr. Birkbeck took the imputations to himself, it was natural to expect him to show, that farmers *in general* were of the same description as he is, as to talent and extent of knowledge.—I have received from Philadelphia a copy of this Gentleman's "*Notes during a Tour in France*," which work has been republished in that city, and which copy I shall beg him to accept of, as I shall, I am sure, thereby gratify the gentleman who has had the goodness to send it to me.—Now, if Mr. Birkbeck can show us any other of the farmers who have

written books like this, my correspondent will readily except them, I dare say, from his censure. But, until he can do this, or, at least, can show, that the farmers *in general* are men of enlightened minds and *liberal principles*, my correspondent will hardly allow it to be quite fair in Mr. Birkbeck to use the word *we*, when defending their general conduct and character, which *general* conduct and character he must, from the tenor of his own sentiments, most heartily despise; and, indeed, which general conduct and character he has, in his work, above-mentioned, virtually condemned. When we speak of a large class of any community, we must always be understood as speaking with *numerous exceptions*; and thus, of course, I understood my correspondent. I look upon his sarcasm as levelled at the gross mass, and, in this light, it certainly is just. —When Mr. Birkbeck says, “*we* did not send our sons to school to turned-off excisemen, and *our* daughters to discarded mistresses,” he takes a rather unfair advantage; for nobody would ever suppose that *he* acted thus. But, is he prepared to show, that boarding schools *in general* are such as sensible men and good fathers would send their children to? And, is he, besides, prepared to show, that the sort of knowledge, acquired at such schools, is at all calculated to be useful, generally speaking, to the cultivators of the land? Mr. Birkbeck will acknowledge, I believe, that the farmers must now *come down*; that it will be impossible for them any longer to live in the style that they have lived in. And, is it not, then, a misfortune to their children to have been taught to indulge in such lofty notions? True, that the parents were misled by the false glare of a hollow system; but this is not to exempt them from being laughed at by those who have always been warning them against the final effects of that system; and though my correspondent may not (for I do not know any thing of him) be one of these, I myself am one of them, and, therefore, I have a fair right to laugh as much as I please, and to publish, or hand over for publication the laughter of others, especially when I reflect, that to these farmers, in a great measure, the evils I lament are owing. If, indeed, they, or even any *considerable portion of them*, had ever shewn any marks of disapprobation of the system, the case would have been wholly different. But,

it is notorious, and it is particularly well-known to Mr. Birkbeck, that the farmers in general, and almost unanimously, were loud and incessant in their cry for continuing the war against Napoleon until his exile to Elba, and that they stigmatized as a traitor every man who disapproved of that war, or who, in the slightest degree, defended the acts or character of Napoleon. It is also notorious, and particularly well-known to Mr. Birkbeck, that, upon the news of the landing of Napoleon at Cannes, the farmers at their market-dinners, filled and drank bumpers to his health and success. It is also notorious, that the farmers were equally loud and incessant in their approbation of the war with America, and that they lamented its termination. Now, if these facts be true, and, I believe, no one will attempt to contradict them, we have, I think, a pretty good specimen of the *principles*, derived from that *education*, of which Mr. Birkbeck speaks, and that too, somewhat exultingly. Nay, it is notorious, that the farmers are *now*, even now *wishing*, expressing their wishes for, *war*. For war with *any body*, no matter whom. What, then, are we to be censured, and that, too, by a real friend of peace and freedom, for laughing at the humiliation of this class, merely because he himself happens to be engaged in the same business as they! If a single farmer had said to Mr. Birkbeck: “Come on, let us pay any taxes for the sake of keeping on war against Napoleon, who is such an enemy of our country, try, that the man who does not wish his destruction is a vile traitor and ought to be hanged and quartered;” and, if the same man, in 18 months afterwards, had said to him: “Come fill up a bumper: let us drink health and success to Napoleon, because that health and success will occasion a new, long, and bloody war, which war will fill our pockets by making our corn high-priced again.” If a single farmer had, in so many words, said this to Mr. Birkbeck, would not the latter have turned from him with horror? Would he not have regarded him as a most vile and sordid and cruel wretch, wholly destitute of sentiments of justice and all feelings of compassion? And yet, what would this have been more than hearing from the lips of an individual, in few words, the general sentiments of the farmers in gross? And has not any one a



right now to indulge in sarcasm on this mass, whether he write from above ground, or "from the shades below?"

WM. COBBETT.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

Several persons, and some of them of great respectability, have written to me requesting advice upon the subject of emigration to the United States of America. I have before publicly stated, that I wish to give no one particularly, any advice touching this matter; and that I never shall, upon any occasion, urge any one, be he who he may to emigrate. But, to convey correct information, through the channel of the press, upon this matter, as well as upon any other of general interest, I regard as my duty; or, at least, I shall take pleasure in doing it; in short I like to do it; and I will do it as often as I think proper. In pursuance of this intention, I now proceed to observe, in the way of general advice or information, that, no one ought to think of going to America to *live upon his means*, as it is commonly called. House rent, wearing apparel, horses, servants wages, carriages, and every thing, except mere articles of food, are at a higher price in America than they are in England.—As to a farmer, if he can land in America with a clear thousand pounds in his pocket, and has a couple or three sons, from ten to sixteen years old, who had good education, that is to say, have been bred up to all sorts of farming work, and if the father be still able to work for ten or a dozen years himself, and has no idea of making his sons excisemen or custom-house officers; such a farmer may do very well in America. But, if he has been used to guzzle at market, if his big belly makes him breath short, or if his sons (if he has a dozen of them) have been to boarding school he would starve in America if he began farming there with twenty thousand pounds.—Those who go to that country, must, to better their lot, go with a resolution to work at something or other. They must be physicans, surgeons, lawyers, (and pretty *sharp* ones), merchants, shopkeepers, artizans, manufacturers, or something or other that is useful in society. There are all sorts of religions in America; but, as there is in this case very little real bodily labour to be performed, the labourers already there

are, I imagine, equal to the harvest. At any rate, I would not advise any clergyman of the Church of England, who has got a good living at home, to go to America in search of a better. I have no idea of a worse speculation than this.—Now, as to any advice to persons who are disposed to go to America to work, the cases are so various that it would be difficult to offer any advice at all, likely to be of much use. It may, however, be generally observed, that all persons who are feeble, whether from age or from natural debility, will not become stronger by crossing the Atlantic; and that all such persons, together with fools, drunkards, profligate persons, may as well stay to starve and be despised here, as to go to starve or be despised there.—A correspondent has asked me, whether he can take out gold free from danger from seizure by the custom-house or other officers;—what is the value, in the American currency, of a bill for five hundred pounds on Philadelphia;—what is the value of an English guinea at Philadelphia;—what is the state and security of the American Public Funds.—As to the first, any gold coin, not of the *English mint*, or at least any foreign coin, may legally be taken out of the country.—In answer to the second question, the bill of five hundred pounds sterling will at the present rate of exchange, be paid there in about two thousand Spanish dollars. It may be a little more or a little less according to the rate of exchange.—The third question requires no answer, it being illegal, and certainly wholly useless, to take the guinea out to America;—as to the fourth question, the state of the American funds will be seen by a reference to the three last Registers. The common interest in those funds is six per cent; and my opinion is, that the security is perfectly good.—But, the questions which I have most frequently put to me, turn upon the value of real property; the circumstances attending new establishments; the sums required to form new settlements; the nature of the soil; the bulk of crops, and the like. To answer all such questions; or to give any such general account, would not only require a volume in point of bulk, but would also require a great deal more knowledge than almost any man, though living upon the spot, can be supposed to possess. But, I can state some few facts which may

serve as a sort of basis whereon to form a judgment on some of these matters. For instance, a farm, with a good house and out-buildings upon it, with a good orchard and the whole well fenced in, with a due proportion of ploughing land and meadow, and within the distance of thirty miles from Philadelphia, is worth, upon an average, about an hundred dollars per acre, in the fee simple, being freehold, and tythe free, until an established church shall rise up in that country. Some such farms are not worth nearly so much and some a great deal more, according to the goodness of the land and the nature of the situation.—This I take it, may be a pretty fare average account of the price of land all along the Atlantic coast.—Further back in the country, unless in the immediate neighbourhood of considerable towns, the lands must be cheaper, or, rather, of lower price. But the new States, which are called the Western States, and which lie between the mountains and the Mississippi, are at present the grand scenes of adventure and enterprise. In speaking of these, in order to give the reader some idea of the state of things in these countries, I will insert an extract here from a new work, just published in America, entitled, a *Picture of CINCINNATI and MIAMI COUNTRY*, by DANIEL DRAKE. I will first take his account of the town of CINCINNATI, and then his description of the agriculture, soil, &c. of the surrounding country.

Cincinnati is built upon one entire and two fractional sections, numbered 18, 17, and 12, in the fourth township and first fractional range, as surveyed by the patentee, John Cleves Symmes. The two first of these, viz. the entire section No. 18, and the fraction No. 17, lying between it and the river, were sold by the patentee to Matthias Denman, of New Jersey, whilst they were still a wood. Not long after this purchase, Denman transferred to Robert Patterson and John Filson, of Kentucky, an undivided third part each, making them joint proprietors with himself; but Filson being killed by the Indians, before complying with the terms of this bargain, his interest reverted to Denman, who sold it to Israel Ludlow, of the same state with himself. A plan for the intended town was then designed, and in January 1789, Mr. Ludlow executed a survey of that part which extends

from Broadway to Western Row. The proprietors then proceeded to sell the lots, and in conformity to a previous arrangement, the purchasers received their deeds directly from J. C. Symmes. In the ensuing year the patentee laid out several blocks of lots on the fraction No. 12, lying east of the first town plat. In the year 1808, the reservation around Fort Washington was divided into lots by the Surveyor General, acting under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, and sold at public auction by the Register and Receiver, on the 2d of March. In addition to the original owners, several persons have since divided out-lots, or tracts adjoining to the first town plat, and are therefore to be considered as proprietors.

PLAN.

Philadelphia seems to have been the model after which that portion of this town first laid out, was planned. Between Broadway and Western Row there are six streets, each 66 feet wide, running from the river north 16° west, and lying 396 feet asunder. These are intersected at right angles by others of the same width, and at the same distance from each other; except Water and Front streets, and Second and Third streets, the former of which are nearer, and the latter, on account of the brow of the *Hill*, more distant. Not a single alley, court, or diagonal street, and but one common, was laid out. The blocks or squares were each divided into eight lots, 99 by 198 feet, except those lying between Second and Third streets, which made ten lots each; and those between Front and Water streets, the size of which may be seen by a reference to the frontispiece. The out-lots, 81 in number, contain four acres each, and lie chiefly in the north of the town. This plan was not deposited in the public archives for record until the 29th of April, 1802. The streets in that part of the town laid out by John C. Symmes, are but 60 feet wide. Those intersecting the river run north 44° degrees west, and lie at the same distance from each other as the streets in the original town; but the cross streets are nearer, and hence the lots of this quarter are shorter. The plan of this survey was not recorded by the proprietor till the 12th of September, 1811. The reservation of the General Government was surveyed so as to connect the plats just

described. The different subdivisions will be best understood by a reference to the engraved plan.

The donations by the original proprietors are, a tract between Front-street and the river, extending from Broadway to Main-street, for a public common; and a square west of Main-street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. The south half of this was conveyed to the first Presbyterian Congregation; and the other to the Commissioners of the county; an amount in each case, nearly equal to the value of the ground, being paid.

PRICES OF LOTS.

For several years after the settlement of this place, the lots along the principal streets were sold for less than 100 Dollars each. They gradually increased in price until the year 1805, when, from a sudden influx of population, they rose for a short time with rapidity. Their advancement was then slower, till 1811; since which the rate of increase has been so high, that for a year past the lots in Main, from Front to Third streets, have sold at 200 dollars per foot, measuring on the front line; from thence to Sixth-street, at 100 dollars; in Broadway, Front and Market streets, from 80 to 120; and on the others, from 50 to 10, according to local advantages. Out-lots and land adjoining to the town plat, bring from 500 to 1000 dollars per acre.

GRADUATION AND DRAINING OF THE STREETS.

One part of the town being elevated from 40 to 60 feet above the other, it has long been an interesting question, whether the streets running from the river should be graduated to a steep or gentle ascent. The latter method has at length been adopted, and Main-street rises by degrees from Second to Fifth-street. The earth and gravel at the intersection of Third-street on the brow of the *Hill*, and beyond it, as far as Fifth-street, being hauled and washed down to raise the surface below. The angle of ascent varies, by estimation, from 5 to 10 degrees. Broadway, Sycamore and Walnut streets, are partly completed on the same plan. To the constant change of level which the streets have undergone for many years, from the descent of gravel into the *Bottom*, is to be ascribed the want of pavements

and side-walks, which the town so strikingly exhibits. Preparations are making for the pavement of Main-street, from the river to Fourth-street, the ensuing year; which will no doubt be followed by a general improvement of the town in this respect.

Concerning the points at which the water falling on the town plat should be discharged into the river, there are two opinions. The first and most natural is, that it should be conducted down Second-street, and emptied into the river below the town, through the same ravine which formerly carried it off. The other opinion is, that each street running to the river should be so graduated as to convey its own water. But the obvious injury which the banks, the beach and the water would sustain, from the discharge of these sluices of filth immediately opposite the town, together with the enormous expence attending it, seem to be procuring for the other method a general preference; and it is probable that all the gutters west of Broadway will be discharged into a common sewer in Second-street, along which in an open canal the water now indeed runs.

It has been already stated, that the north-west part of the bottom is occasionally inundated by great floods of the Ohio. To prevent this, it has been proposed to throw up a *levee* along the western border of the town plat. The cost of this could not be very great, as it would not have an average height of more than six feet, nor exceed two hundred yards in length; and having no current to stem, it need not be very strong. No measures, however, have yet been taken to effect this important object.

MATERIALS FOR BUILDING.

Cincinnati is eligibly situated for obtaining these. The beds of Licking and the Ohio afford excellent limestone, which, however, can only be quarried when these rivers are low. Marble of a fine quality can be brought by water from the cliffs of Kentucky river; and freestone of a grey colour and good texture is already freighted, for a small sum, from near the intersection of the Big Sandy and Scioto with the Ohio, where inexhaustible quarries exist. The clay of the lower part of the town makes excellent brick, about five millions of which are annually used in

this place. The lime afforded by the common limestone is dark coloured, but the silicious limestone pebbles, which are abundant in the alluvial grounds, make lime of a fine quality and pure white. Oak, ash, poplar, walnut and other native timber trees, squared or sawed into boards, plank and scantling, are brought to market in waggons, boats or rafts, and delivered on moderate terms. But the Allegheny mountains furnish the most valuable, and must long continue to afford the most abundant supplies of timber. From those mountains, the white pine, either in the form of logs, boards or shingles, is annually floated down in immense quantities, and sold in all the towns on the Ohio, at a lower price than domestic timber.

The different kinds of masonry, carpentry, painting, papering, and Venetian blinds, are executed in a firm and handsome style.

BUILDINGS.

On the plat of Cincinnati, there is at this time (July 1815) nearly 1100 houses, exclusive of kitchens, smoke-houses, and stables. Of these, more than 20 are of stone, 250 of brick, and about 800 of wood. Six hundred and sixty contain families; the remainder are public buildings, shops, warehouses and offices.—The great proportion of frame houses seems to be owing to the vast emigration within a few years—a wooden house can be erected in a shorter time than a brick, and at seasons when brick-work cannot be done. The dwelling houses are generally two stories high, and built in a neat and simple style, with sloping shingled roofs, and Tuscan or Corinthian cornices. Several have lately been erected with an additional story, and exhibit, for a new town, some magnificence. A handsome frontispiece or balustrade occasionally affords an evidence of opening taste; but the higher architectural ornaments—elegant summer-houses, porticos, and colonnades, are entirely wanting. Very few of the frame houses are painted, which is the more remarkable, as the timber of which they are built is so perishable as to require seclusion from the weather.

PUBLIC AND MANUFACTURING EDIFICES.

The first Court House in this place, stood on the eastern end of the public

ground. It was erected in the year 1802, and burned down early in 1814, while a company of soldiers were using it as a barrack. It was built of limestone, on a plan furnished by Judge Turner, in the form of a parallelogram, 42 feet in front by 55 in depth; the height of the walls, including a parapet, being 42 feet. It had a wooden cupola, with four projecting faces, arched and balustraded 20 feet high, terminated by a dome, and resting on a basement 20 feet square. From the ground to the top of the cupola was 84 feet. A couple of two-story wings, to be made fire-proof for the purpose of public offices, and connected with the body by corridors, formed a part of the *design* which remained to be executed.

Since the conflagration of this edifice, the commissioners of the county have sold out, on perpetual leases, the whole of the public ground; and accepted of a lot near the intersection of Main and Court Streets; in the centre of which they are now engaged in the erection of a second court house, 56 by 62 feet; with fire-proof apartments for the different offices of the county.

The new Presbyterian church is a very spacious brick edifice, measuring 68 by 85 feet. Its eastern and narrower front looks towards Main-street, and is cornered with square turrets crowned with cupolas. From the rear is an octagonal projection, for a vestry. The roof is of a common form. The height from the ground to the eaves is only 40 feet, to the top of the cupola 80, which is less than either side, including the towers, and hence the aspect of the building is low and heavy. The stair-cases are in the basements of the turrets, and are entered without passing into the house. The inside will be divided into one hundred and twelve pews, and five capacious aisles.

The Baptist church, in Sixth-street, is a handsome and commodious brick edifice, 40 by 55 feet, well furnished with doors and windows, ornamented with a balustrade, and finished inside with taste.

The Methodist church, in Fifth-street, is a capacious stone building, one story high.

The Friends meeting-house, near the western end of the same street, is a temporary wooden building.

The Cincinnati Lancaster seminary, on Fourth-street, in the rear of the Presby-

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terian church, is an extensive two story brick edifice, built, with some alterations, on a plan furnished by Isaac Stagg. It consists of two oblong wings, extending from Fourth-street, 88 feet deep. Near the front, they are connected by an apartment, for stair cases, 18 by 30 feet, out of which arises a dome-capped peristyle, designed for an observatory. The front of this intermediate apartment is to be decorated with a colonnade, forming a handsome portico, 12 feet deep and 30 feet long. The front and each side are ornamented with a pediment and Corinthian cornice. The aspect of the building is light, airy, and might be considered elegant, were the doors wider, the pediments longer, and divested of the chimnies, which at present disfigure them. One wing of this edifice is designed for male, the other for female children; and between them there is no connecting passage, except through the portico. The lower stories are finished entire, and calculated for the reception of 900 children. Each upper story is to be divided into three apartments, two in the ends 30 feet square, and one in the centre of 25, with a sky light, and the appurtenances of a philosophical hall. When completed, the whole building can receive about 1100 scholars.

Cincinnati has three Market houses—the two older are supported by a double, the newer one by a triple row of brick pillars. The latter extends nearly the whole distance from Broadway to Sycamore-street, being upwards of 300 feet in length. The others are both shorter and narrower.

The buildings of the Cincinnati Manufacturing Company, on the bank above Deer-creek, are numerous and extensive; the main edifice is 150 feet long, from 20 to 37 feet wide, and from two to four stories high.

The most capacious, elevated and permanent building in this place, is the steam mill, erected in the years 1812, 13, 14, under the direction of William Green, an ingenious mason and stone cutter, on a plan furnished by George Evans, one of the proprietors. It is built on the river beach, upon a bed of horizontal limestone rocks, and in high floods is for its whole length exposed to the current. The foundation is 62 by 87 feet, and about 10 feet thick. Its height is 110 feet, and the num-

ber of stories nine, including two above the eaves. To the height of 40 feet, the wall is *battered*, or drawn in; above, it is perpendicular. The cornice is of brick, and the roof of wood, in the common style. It has 24 doors and 90 windows. The limestone with which it was built were quarried at various places in the bed of the river, and measured in the wall 6,620 perches. Besides this, it swallowed up 90,000 bricks, 14,800 bushels of lime, and 81,200 cubic feet of timber. Its weight is estimated at 15,655 tons. Through the building there is a wall dividing each story into two unequal apartments—the one designed for manufacturing flour; the other for receiving wool and cotton machinery, a flax seed oil mill, fulling mill, and several other machines.

It is equally creditable to the prudence of the superintendent and the temperance of the labourers, that during the erection of this house, not one serious accident occurred.

PRESERVATION FROM FIRE.

The means of accomplishing this, are few and inefficient. They are not therefore introduced on this occasion for imitation, but admonition. In the year 1808, the Select Council purchased a fire engine, and an association called the *Union Fire Company*, comprising nearly all the men in town, was formed. The engine proved indifferent, and the organization of the company still worse. For two years it had not had a single meeting. A second fire company was lately organized, which it is reported, intends to do some good. In 1813, a tax was assessed for the purchase of another engine, but it has not yet been obtained. The ordinances of the corporation require each house to be furnished with a fire bucket, but this requisition is disregarded by the majority. They also require every male citizen, between the ages of 15 and 50 years, to attend on the cry of fire; a provision finely calculated, if enforced, to augment the rabble which infest such places. A more important requisition, considering the absence of those companies, is that each drayman shall furnish at every fire at least two barrels of water. Bonfires, and all other conflagrations on the streets or in lots, are expressly but not successfully forbidden.

(*To be continued.*)

REMEDIES.

MR. COBBETT,—I desired the Fund-holder, in a former letter, to compare his baker's and butcher's bills for 1812 and 1815, in order to reconcile him, in some measure, to the attack I found myself reluctantly compelled to make upon his pocket, *for the public good*. I am not sure that the law of Moses would bear me out in this expedient; but of this I am sure, that neither Moses nor Aaron were ever so critically circumstanced as we are; and I doubt whether his provident father-in-law, Jethro, was ever in such a cruel dilemma. But after all, I am for carrying every thing fairly and above board; I would have no back-staircase work; I scorn the very semblance of delusion too cordially, to conceal or shuffle off, under the above comparative statement of 1812 and 1815, *the real bearing of the case as it actually stands*. It is true indeed, that at 4 per cent. the mere Fund-holder would have been on nearly the same footing in 1815, as he was *cæteris imparibus*, at 5 per cent in 1812; but I will not be understood to mean that he would have been, or would be now, as well off as he was in 1792. The Fund-holder who in 1792 had £500 per annum, by my proposed expedient will be reduced to £400: and under this defalcation of £100 per annum, it must not be denied that he will besides find his taxes *more than doubled upon him*, and every article of consumption, from the spectacles on his nose to the save-all on his candlestick, every thing in short, except bread for himself and forage for his horse, *at least 40 per cent. dearer!* So that the man who has the same £10,000 in the 5 per cents. to day, that his father had in 1792, *has fallen*, in the scale of society, *51 degrees below his father*; and stands precisely on the same level, and no higher, as the man who before the war possessed £4,750!! Does this sketch appear to you surcharged? Do you see any thing caricatured about it? Do you think the shades too hard, too gloomy, too much after Vandyke? Ask the Fund-holder himself, and if he does not answer in the negative, I will eat him. To be sure the Edinburgh Reviewer, who absolutely seems to me to review political objects through a Scotch pebble, may give you *a beggarly crust*, gentlemen and ladies of the Funds, and like Peter in the Tale of the Tub, swear

by the sandy beard of his saint, that it is *roast beef, plumb pudding, and good bodied port*, but I say unto you, the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and I should conceive most of you begin to be pretty much of my opinion by this time! However, try this crust as it is, pray examine it a little, bite it, chew it if you please—well? Aye, sure enough it is a crust indeed, and nothing but a crust, and a cursed hard crust too! Gentlefolks, I require no oath, the mere length of your visage, the rising of your shoulder blades are in my eyes “confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ.” Yes, you begin to find in spite of Scotch logic, that a *crust* is *neither beef nor port!* However, there is no help for that now; besides, as many among you have been almost as clamorous as the Gripum's for the causes which have brought you to it, I would advise you to chew away with all imaginable patience, *feasting your mind* now and then with the remembrance of that GLORY which shines around every one of us as though we had been rubbed over with phosphorus. And, after all, Solomon, who was almost as wise as any of you, expatiates very admirably, if I mistake not, on the excellence of a crust of bread, giving it the preference, on some occasions, to roast pork—no, not roast pork, but you can easily refer to the passage when you are at leisure for such profitable studies. Even if every article of consumption from homely linsey-woolsey, home-made bread, and small beer, to the more dainty luxuries of sparkling champaign, splendid equipages, jewellery and tokay, should instantly return to the prices of 1792, yet not only the farmer, the fund-holder, the shop-keeper, but every man in England, except those servants of the crown, great officers, placemen, &c. whose salaries and allowances generally keep pace, and *a pretty smart pace too*, with the progressive advance of war prices, would at this moment find himself *at least 30 per cent. poorer than in 1792*. But this, even this is impossible, so long as the increased duties on malt, sugar, tea, candles, salt, &c. shall be continued. How impossible?—How! because taxes direct and indirect have multiplied upon us as grievously as the lice multiplied as a curse upon the ill-fated Egyptians; with this difference in favour of Pharaoh's people, that *they were plagued only for a season*, whereas, if I err not, the taxes will plague

us and our children unto the third and fourth generation, and later too, if we should chance to stumble upon some other glorious war, either against those rebellious Republicans of the new world who had the impudence to break with us, merely because we insisted on their drinking a *little wholesome tea out of English tea-pots*, or against some of our dear friends of the old world, for the next hundred years. What! a century? Yes, Sir, a century; and if any of you should be unfortunate enough to live till then, though I presume you will not live on clover, I must request you not to forget to have this letter at hand, and get one of your great grand-daughters to read it over to you, and if you do not *even then* feel a twitch, a still sneaking pinch from this National Debt, which now sits brooding like the nightmare upon the body of old England, you may make a bonfire of this volume, and do with me as Elijah *did with* the prophets of Baal.—There is *one consolation*, and if we are wise enough to keep a steady helm and clean sail, as the seaman terms it, this consolation may roll on, increasing like a snow-ball: I mean, Mr. Cobbett, seriously, that if we should continue in a state of peace with all our neighbours for the short period of only one century, and be lucky enough to find demands abroad for our manufactures, and prudent enough to make æconomy the order of the day, the fashion of the day, *if we can do all this*, then I believe we shall be enabled to strike off three or four millions annually, and thus by little and little prune down the gigantic monster of Public Debt which the foul fiend of war has engendered on the unresisting body of public credit. And though it is not likely that you or I or any of your readers should so far exceed the limits prescribed by the Psalmist to human life, as to derive, *personally*, much benefit from the gradual operation of this diminution, still, as Horace says on another occasion, it may be brought down to a single penny. *When that time comes*, then I hope, nay, *I can affirm positively*, there will be something like a Jubilee, not a cold, *ex-officio*, unmeaning Jubilee of gas, lamps, sham fights, fiery serpents, and tallow candles—but A JUBILEE OF THE HEART—A NATIONAL JUBILEE!

There exists in almost all societies, a kind of reciprocal natural sympathy between the various orders of the state, not

altogether unlike that which subsists in the human body, I say in almost all, because there have been instances to the contrary; we have heard of princes who could coolly play a jig upon the fiddle whilst their dearly beloved subjects were roasting alive like lobsters; and really felt no more than if the poor devils had been dancing instead of burning! However, without multiplying instances, which might be easily done, I may venture to say that in the comparative pauperism of farmers, land-holders, fund-holders, &c. *there are some classes who will sympathize very sincerely and very feelingly*, I mean shopkeepers, inn-keepers, &c. Alas, Sir, on Sunday morning when these *honest* people, retiring from the bustle of this wicked world into the back-parlour, begin quietly to pile up their copper into shilling heaps, their silver into pounds, and their pound notes by themselves, in order to calculate the profits of the week; aye, Sir, *it is then, it is here* that you will see the strong, the secret, the genuine workings and yearnings of this sympathy. What a picture for the politician! what a falling off! *usque quo Domine!* ejaculates Mr. Traffic, *how long will the poor farmer continue pennyless? his orders for spices, mould candles, tea, coffee, lump sugar, &c. no longer cover the leaves of my day-book! all is vanished! even the land-holder becomes us a rara avis!* let me see—*one, two, three, four,—why!* Jeremiah, *two years ago the proceeds of the week amounted to more POUNDS than the last week hath brought in SHILLINGS!!* confound that war—I tell thee, Jeremiah, *if things do not mend, and that speedily, I must look out for a place—in the GAZETTE!*—Yes, *it must come to that, Jeremiah, I assure thee.*—This is sympathy—I do not say it proceeds exactly from the soul, but it springs from a *much stronger principle*, it springs from SELF INTEREST directly *through the pocket!* Now, I would like to know how this heavenly sentiment operates upon ministers, and principal officers of state, and others in authority? I dare say it must operate very poignantly. Do you think it preys upon their consciences very acutely? do you believe it haunts them by night and by day? or that any of them have really wrapped themselves up in sack-cloth and cinders yet! As to the effects of this feeling upon the lower orders, they

generally appear in *vulgar growling and grumbling*; together with *real or pretended want of work, great idleness, consequent demoralization and much BEGGARY!* The fact is, that whoever expects this country to be what it was twenty-three years ago, what it was before the enormous accumulation of Public Debt, OR WHAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AT THIS DAY, had we remained at peace, might just as well have expected to see green fields and smiling vineyards on the plains of Sodom, after the sulphureous tempest of hail which blasted every green leaf, or that Lot's wife would have displayed the same heart and soul, and womanly curiosity, after she became a lump of salt, as she possessed in so eminent a degree before her strange metamorphosis! Now, Sir, I have endeavoured to trace IN CHARACTERS OF TRUTH, *on the ever-during page of your National Register, the principal features of our real situation, not through a gloss darkly*: and this I have done with a view of inspiring my countrymen with that FORTITUDE, without which no man can bear up under the pressure of the times. Whether the war was just or unjust, is now of little moment to you or to me, so far as regards consequences, the burden is the same. I here repeat, that the only way left us, is *to reduce the expenditure as much as practicable, and then to lay on the taxation upon the different orders of the community according to their means.* This is the only staff, the only stay now left us—THE SHEET ANCHOR of Old England! Even when this is done, let no man dream of sleeping on a bed of roses—far from it, the whole country, for many years to come, must consider itself merely in a state of *convalescence*, after an almost miraculous escape from an alarming and dangerous disorder. We must, therefore, be content to live *quietly and soberly*, be satisfied with a mutton chop, and think no more of those barons of beef, hams, and turkeys, which, in better days, were wont to smoke upon the board. We must learn, at once, to come down according to our means; remembering, always, however much the opinion of the great may militate against the fact, that “handsome is who handsome does,” and that even a nobleman may venture to walk to Court, without being eternally

disgraced! Every man, in every rank, must come down a little—this is an irksome task; it goes sadly against the grain; but come down a little he must! From the Beggar to the Prince, every soul must feel it his duty to sacrifice some gratification for the good of his country. The Duke and the Lord will, no doubt, claim the foremost place, and be the first to set a salutary example! The Landholder will ease the Farmer a little, though, at the moment of doing it, he himself groans under the weight of increased taxation—that will be his sacrifice. I am sure the ladies of the bed-chamber, maids of honour, &c. yielding to the pressure of the times, will readily dispense with every thing like *salary*, in consideration of the honour they enjoy. The Farmer, in lowering, still more, the price of his produce, must come down with it; whilst his Lady silently passes from the drawing room into the kitchen, and the young Miss Cheatums,

Soon, side by side, with downcast eyes and sobs,
To market take the long forsaken way;
The town now all before them, where to sell
Butter and eggs,—Necessity their guide!

and, piling up their carpets, harps, velvet pelisses, tambours, and satin petticoats, make a bonfire of the whole, thus offering up the vanities of the last twenty years as an expiatory sacrifice, at the shrine of Common Sense, to the frowning manes of their repudiated ancestors. The Soldier will gladly give up “the bravery of his tinkling ornaments.” The poor man must come down a little too, and, giving up the useless articles of bread and beer and meat, try how *potatoes*, that favourite vegetable of your's, will agree with his stomach! They have been reduced to this diet in Ireland a great many years already: to be sure the lower Irish do look rather lank and hungry; they do not shew much corporation; however, that is nothing, nothing at all when people are used to it. You remember the story of Sir John D. about the clown sewing up the mouth of his ferret; who being reprimanded by some person, who foolishly imagined it hurt the poor animal, very coolly replied, “Odds zooks, Zur, that be nothing—why hur likes it—don't you see how hur snubs it—ees, ees, hur likes it!” Should a few thousands go

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off into fluxes, what then? To be sure our great grandfathers will look rather strange in the other world, when they find us reduced to potatoes; and our dear grandmothers will turn up the white of their eyes at a fine rate when they behold all this. After all, *potatoes are better than acorns!* I cannot dismiss this topic without a few words *en passant* on the subject of the PROPERTY TAX. To peruse half the encomiums that have been lavished upon this Tax, one would be almost tempted to consider it as the *Summum Bonum*, as a *mighty Blessing*, which, through the medium of a heaven-born Minister, Providence had bestowed on this Island, for the comfort and happiness of the people! According to others, it has been a scourge in the hands of Ministers, a sore evil upon the land. Without strictly enquiring into the merits or demerits of this Tax, I would only ask any body to shew me what *good* it has done for this country? This simple Tax, mind you, has taken out of our pockets more than 200 millions—Where is all that money gone to? *what good has it done?* Up starts Mr. SHALLOW, with eyes sparkling like tinder for the glory of Government, and a mouth full of zeal for that *snug little matter of 75l. per Quarter*, *What, good Sir? why, a vast deal of good*, exclaims Mr. Shallow:—*in the first place, has it not prevented 200 millions being added to the National Debt?* Indeed! wonderful! what else, Mr. Shallow?—*Why, Sir, it has enabled us, with a few other taxes, to subsidize our dear Friends and Allies with that liberal profusion which is so much admired by other nations—it has further empowered us to reward merit at home, Sir, hem, Sir, I say at home, Sir, though I scorn to speak of number one—Yes, Sir, it has enabled us, thanks be to God for it, together with other taxes and loans, which a wise Government have heaped upon us, to build up that proud monument of Public Credit, the GLORIOUS NATIONAL DEBT, Sir, which towers above all Debts, overshadowing the whole kingdom:—it has enabled us to replace the heroic, the martial, and most Christian Son of St. Louis, himself more than a Saint, Sir, Louis Le Bon, Louis Le Desire, upon the most christian throne of those most christian Ancestors, Sir, who—but I am out of breath, Sir—*

Enough! enough! Let me complete your panegyric, Mr. Shallow—those most glorious Ancestors, you would have said, had not excess of zeal deprived you of breath, who, for ages, most christianly kept this Island in war and trouble,—those christian Ancestors and relatives who most piously assisted those unsanctified Americans to discard their poor old Mother, for merely exercising a *little authority* over them—and, to give a finish to this christian picture, most religiously and christianly played the devil with us whenever, and wherever, we would let them! And now, Mr. Shallow, I beg you to believe, that your unanswerable arguments in favour of this Grand Tax, would have completely convinced me, had I had any doubt on the subject, that the sooner it dies a natural death, or is knocked in the head by the hand of Parliament, the better. B. R.

USE OF SPIRITOUS LIQUORS.

MR. CORBETT,—I was much pleased with the comparative statement in your last Number of the Wages of Labourers in America and in England, and of the Prices of the principal necessities of life in the two countries. I say I was pleased with this statement,—because it tends pretty clearly to shew,—that there is at least *one* country in the world in which the quantity of human wretchedness cannot be very great. It also shews that the amount of human misery must be infinitely less in America than in “this great and happy country.” There is, however, one article in the statement which I object to; not to its correctness, but to the wisdom of inserting it. The article I allude to is the one which states, that an American labourer’s wages will purchase him in America, at least six times the quantity of rum that the wages of an English labourer will purchase here. Now, I think, I am too well acquainted with your correct judgment on all subjects, to suppose that you can mean seriously to say, that this is a *very great advantage* on the side of the American. On the contrary, Mr. Corbett, is it not quite clear that it would have been infinitely better for mankind

if such a thing as Spirituous Liquors had never been known; for, can any one doubt but that they have occasioned the commission of great crimes, and have been the cause of great misery? In my

opinion, Sir, a wise and benevolent government would, *if possible*, totally prohibit their use.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
Jan. 15, 1816. A. B.

PRICES CURRENT in London; Prices of FUNDS in England and France; Number of BANKRUPTCIES in Great Britain; and COURSE OF EXCHANGE with Foreign Countries, during the last Week.

BREAD.—The Quartern Loaf, weighing 4lb. 5oz. 8drams, varies at from 8½d. to 10d.

WHEAT.—The Winchester Bushel, or 8 gallons (corn and beer measure), taken on an average of all the prices at Mark Lane Market, 6s. 7d.—The Sack of Flour, weighing 280lbs. 52s. 6d.

MEAT.—The average wholesale price per Pound weight, at Smithfield Market, where the skin and offal are not reckoned at any thing in the price.—Beef, 7½d; Mutton, 7½d; Veal, 8½d; Pork, 6½d.

WOOL.—Segovia, 4s. 6l.; Soria, 4s. 3d.; Seville, 2s. 10½d; Saxony, 1st. 7s. 9d.; Ditto 2d. 5s. 9d. Bohem, 1st. 5s.; 2d. 3s. 3d.;—This wool is washed and picked.—Wool Imported last week:—From Germany, *None*.—From France, 15.—From India, *None*.—From Spain, 825 cwt.

BULLION.—Gold in bars, £4. 2s. per ounce.—New Dollars, 5s. 3d. per oz.—Silver in bars, *none*.—N. B. These are the prices in Bank of England paper.—In gold coin of the English Mint, an ounce of gold in bars is worth 3l. 17s. 10½d.—Standard Silver in bars, in the coin of the English Mint, is worth 5s. 2d. an ounce. In the same coin a Spanish Dollar is worth 4s. 6d.

ENGLISH FUNDS.—The price of the THREE Per Centum Consolidated Annuities, in Bank Paper; shut.

FRENCH FUNDS.—The price of the FIVE Per Cents, in gold and silver money;

BANKRUPTCIES.—Number, during the last week, published in the London Gazette, 48.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

LONDON.	Friday 2.	LONDON.	Friday 2.
Amsterdam	37 8 B 2 U	Bilboa	36
Ditto at Sight	37 2	St. Sebastian	34
Amsterdam	11 10 C.F.	Corunna	34
Ditto at Sight	11 7	Gibraltar	32
Rotterdam	11 11 2 U.	Leghorn	49
Antwerp	11 12	Genoa	46
Hamburgh	34 6 2½ U.	Venice	25 50
Altona	34 7 2½ U.	Malta	48
Bremen	34 7	Naples	41
Paris 1 Day's Date	24 40	Palermo	116 per oz.
Ditto	24 60 2 U.	Lisbon	59½
Bordeaux	24 60	Oporto	59
Frankfort on the Main	141 Ex. Mo.	Rio Janeiro	64
Madrid	36 effective	Dublin	15 per Cent.
Cadiz	34½ effective	Cork	15½
Barcelona	34		

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